

**Hopkinsville Kentuckian**  
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AS. M. MEACHAM.

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### ANNOUNCEMENTS For Centre

We are authorized to announce  
HON. J. W. HENSON  
as a candidate for the Democratic  
nomination, for Congress for the  
Second Congressional District,  
subject to the action of the primary  
to be held in August, 1914.

We are authorized to announce  
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,  
of Hopkins county, as a candidate  
for Congress from the Second district,  
subject to action of the democratic  
primary August, 1914.

A negro woman who killed Lemuel  
Peace, a white man, was lynched by  
a mob at Muskogee, Okla.

An Italian army aviator, Lieutenant  
Griffa, was killed at Turin, Friday,  
while attempting a somersault  
with an aeroplane.

Because of the fact that foreign  
insurance companies have ceased to  
do business in Kentucky, the Louisville  
Salvage Corps has ceased  
operations.

Col. George W. Goethals Wednesday  
became Governor of the Canal  
Zone. In conformity with his own  
wishes, no ceremony of any sort  
marked the occasion.

Henry Seigal, the bankrupt merchant  
of New York, has been sued  
for divorce by his wife. It would  
have looked better if she had sued  
him before he went broke.

Joon D. Rockefeller has added  
\$1,000,000 to the Rockefeller Institute  
of Medical Research and James  
J. Hill has pledged \$50,000 to be  
used in investigating hog cholera.

Rube Waddell, famous baseball  
pitcher, who has been in ill health in  
San Antonio, Texas, for several  
months, has suffered a relapse and  
his death is momentarily expected.

A meeting of the citizens of Princeton  
has been called by Mayor R. W.  
Lisanby for the purpose of discussing  
the proposition of the town acquiring  
and maintaining an electric light plant.

Two aviators were killed at Rhims,  
France, Wednesday, when their aeroplane  
caught fire in midair, causing  
the machine to collapse. They were  
Pierre Leon Testulat and Clement  
Avigny. Testulat received his pilot's  
certificate in 1912. Avigny was his  
passenger.

The appointment of K. Robertson  
as postmaster will vacate the office  
of Master Commissioner, and in anticipation  
of this, we understand that  
there are more than twenty applicants  
for the place. Judge Hanbery  
will probably make the appointment  
at his next term of court here, which  
will be the second Monday in this  
month.—Murray Times.

Capt. Hugh Rodman, U. S. N.,  
will be the real boss of the Panama  
canal when it is open for commercial  
shipping next June and will have entire  
charge of all the details of putting  
ships through. All vessels entering  
the canal will have a canal pilot,  
who will take the ship to an anchorage,  
from which she may not move without  
permission of Capt. Rodman or one of the  
port captains, conveyed through the pilot.

That Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson  
will be married to Secretary of  
Treasury William G. McAdoo during  
the last week in April, is now generally  
accepted by Washington society  
as the week selected as most convenient  
by the White House occupants. All signs  
point to the conclusion that the President's  
youngest daughter and her fiancé will not  
defer their wedding until June, the date  
which it was first believed would be  
picked.

## WHAT BUTLER SAID

It Created Trouble for the Gracious  
Founder of the 18th  
Society.

By THEODORE FLATAU.

The marchioness of Bultgate started the society. She gave it its name: The Junior Association for the Protection of Animal Pets.

As she proudly and rightly said to fluff-haired, fluffy-minded little Mrs. Pinkhampton, as they walked upstairs to join the first meeting of the committee, in the marchioness' drawing-room: "This is my eighteenth society, dear!"

"How awfully clever of you!" answered Mrs. Pinkhampton admiringly.

"Um! My eighteenth! And I only started doing them about a year ago. It is rather good, isn't it?"

"I think you're frightfully clever! How on earth do you do it? I should worry myself to death with one."

"Ah! That is the first thing: never worry! You see, I am always president—the committees always meet here, and I always make an awful fuss and ask why no work has been done. Then they all look ashamed and—there you are!"

"But does that seem sincere and—"

Lady Bultgate stopped abruptly upon the stairs.

"You do not seem to remember that I am animated by purely Christian motives . . . She went on up the stairs again. "Sincere? Good heavens! In the case of this J. A. P. A. P.—aren't they adorable initials?—I'm not only sincere, but interested and"—she paused, opened the door, walked into the drawing room and cried—"and enthusiastic."

General Alderleigh—aged eighty-four—bowed and said:

"Yah yah! . . . Eh, eh?"

"Hear, hear!" echoed Mrs. General—younger by four years.

"How do you do? Everyone here?" said Lady Bultgate. "Now, supposing we begin work—earnestly and with enthusiasm."

"Yah, yah!" remarked the general.

"Enthusiasm—eh, eh?"

"Hang it!" said Lieut. Freddy Mastering, surreptitiously tangoing with little Miss Aphrodite Saunders in the alcove. "Come on!"

The bishop of Park lane cleared his throat, stood up and cleared his throat again.

"My dear friends, fellow committeemen, er—and ladies—"

"Once more into the breach," whispered "Dite" Saunders to Freddy.

"I—er—I beg your pardon?" asked the bishop.

"Yah, yah!" murmured the general. "Eh—er—that is, order, order!"

The bishop closed his eyes against any further interruption.

"We have met together in a good cause—a noble cause—the protection of pat animals—"

"Pat who?" asked Mrs. Pinkhampton, giggling.

"Pet animals—ahem!" said the bishop with dignity. "In giving a few opening words I have little to say, though we none of us must forget the—er—genius and enthusiasm of our gracious president, the marchioness. Ahem!" And he opened his eyes, bowed, and smiled at her.

Lady Bultgate did not appear to be pleased. She showed her teeth in what is called a smile, and took the opportunity to break into the bishop's oration.

"Thank you! That is very kind of you all! Now—"

"Ahem!" said the bishop warningly.

"Now," went on the president, "let us really get down to serious work."

"Yah, yah—eh?" said the general.

The bishop got down heavily, sourly, sulkily.

"Quite!" answered Lady Bultgate. "First of all, I should like you to settle a most important point. The name! I propose the Junior Association for the Protection of Animal Pets!"

"Ahem! Why Junior?" asked the bishop, grumpily, almost pointedly.

"Yah, yah! Why Junior—eh?"

"Well, I was really thinking of the initials—J. A. P. A. P. They're so sweet! Take the J. away and what have you?"

"A. P. A. P.," suggested Freddy brilliantly.

The president glared at him witheringly; the bishop smiled.

Mrs. General awoke out of her afternoon nap with a start.

"Too much time wasted on pets, in my opinion," she said abruptly. "Feed 'em, exercise 'em—that's good enough!"

"Ahem! I do not consider that one's personal attention and care is always necessary," the bishop put in. "A servant—"

"A servant!" cried Lady Bultgate, horror-stricken. "A servant would forget them, a servant would neglect them. If one left—"

The butler knocked at the door, and came toward the president.

"Go away, Trebble. . . . If—"

"My lady!"

"Go away! Immediately! Do not disturb me! . . . If one left one's pets to a servant they would suffer from cold and hunger quite apart from whatever spiritual unhappiness they might have to endure. Possibly they would die from the terrible ill-treatment to which they were subjected. I do not think—"

"Yah, yah!" exclaimed the general sleepily.

"I do not believe that one should train animals to love one, and then cast them out, as it were."

"I was reading in the papers about the cruelty in training animals," began Mrs. General, "and to be quite candid and truthful—"

"Let me assure you," said Lady Bultgate warmly, "I never—"

"P—please, milady!" gasped her maid, bursting into the room.

"P—please—"

"Leave the room at once, Randall! At once!"

"But please, my lady, I—"

"Pardon me! . . . Leave the room! How dare you! At once! Leave the . . . Ah! I was saying, I never allow any of my servants to touch my pets: my canary, my parrot, my blue Persian, and my white West Highlander. Never under any circumstances. I feed them, I tend them, I keep them clean and happy and healthy. I—"

The door was thrown open, and with a screech of fear and excitement Wilma, the president's ten-year-old daughter, burst into the room.

"Mummie, mummie!" she cried. "Quickly! There's a fire—"

With one accord the committee adjourned and scrambled and struggled and tumbled down the stairs.

Trebble, the butler, met them in the hall.

"What is it? Where is it?" cried Lady Bultgate.

"The fire is hout, my lady," he began. "It occurred in cook's bedroom."

"Thank heavens! . . . There!" she cried, turning to the committee. "That is the sort of thing that might happen to your pets if you intrusted them to others. Now, wait a moment! . . . Trebble! How did it occur?"

"It's rather a long history, my lady. But if I might—"

"Tell us, Trebble!"

"Yah, yah!" gasped the general, recovering his breath.

"Well, my lady, the truth is—I beg your ladyship's pardon!—the parrot wasn't very well, 'aving 'ad nothing for the last twenty-four hours, an' got angry an' got out of 'is cage. An' the canary being, as I might say, feeble and indisposed, could not defend 'isself, and was pecked to death. Hat that moment, my lady, the cat, bein' very 'ungry, 'e came along, ups with the parrot in 'is mouth, and was about to quench 'is pangs of starvation when the dorg—'e ain't been fed since Wednesday, my lady, and I dared not give 'im anything against your ladyship's order—well, 'e come along, my lady, and bolts after the cat. The cat, being very desparate, 'e bolts too, my lady. Into the cook's room they bolted, an' upset the hoil stove! And then, Trebble went on, proud at having such an audience, and refusing to notice Lady Bultgate's frantic signs, "and then the room caught afire, the dorg caught the cat, and, in a twinklin' of the heye, took 'is life. An' the flames was so fierce that we could honly recover what you might say was the einders of the dorg."

The committee of the Junior Association for the Protection of Animal Pets has not met together since.

Freddy and Dite still form the J. A. P. A. P., but it is restricted to a membership of two; for the time being, anyhow.

Lady Bultgate has gone in for the tango.

The bishop is the leading light in the Triple S—the Society for the Suppression of Societies.—London Queen.

### Not An Experiment.

Paint Lick, Ky.—Mrs. Mary Freeman, of this place, says: "Before I commenced to take Cardui, I suffered so much from womanly trouble, I was so weak that I was down on my back nearly all the time. Cardui has done me more good than any medicine I ever took in my life. I can't praise it too highly." You need not be afraid to take Cardui. It is no new experiment. For fifty years, it has been found to relieve headache, backache, and similar womanly troubles. Composed of gentle-acting, herb, ingredients, Cardui builds up the strength, preventing much unnecessary pain. Try it for your troubles, today.

Advertisement.

### AT THE CHURCHES.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church—J. B. Eshman, Pastor.  
Sunday School at 9:30.  
Praying at 11 a. m.  
Christian Endeavor 6:15.  
Praying at 7:15 p. m.

First Baptist Church—Rev. C. M. Thompson, Pastor. Services as usual.  
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.  
Morning Service—11:00 a. m.  
B. Y. P. U.—6:00 p. m.  
Evening Service—7:00 p. m.

Second Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Goodman, Pastor.  
Sunday School—9:45 a. m.  
Praying—11 a. m.  
Praying—7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night—7:15 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. R. Kasey, Pastor.  
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.  
Morning Service—10:45 a. m.  
Epworth League—6:30 p. m.  
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Wednesday.

Westminster Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. H. H. Branch, Pastor.  
Sunday School—9:30 a. m.  
Men's Bible Class—10:00 a. m.  
Morning Service—11:00 a. m.

First Presbyterian Church—Sunday School—9:30 a. m.  
Christian Endeavor—6:15 p. m.  
Weekly Prayer Meeting—Wednesday—7:15 p. m.

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Before purchasing an instrument consult us, we have a record of every Piano and Organ made in America, the information will be given you free. Telephone 564 2 or write P. O. Box 70, Hopkinsville, Ky.—Advertisement.

### Neatly Put.

Dr. Johnson was once in the company of a man who affected to maintain Dean Berkeley's strange position, that "nothing exists but as perceived by some kind." When the gentleman was going away Dr. Johnson said to him, "Pray, sir, don't leave us, for we may perhaps forget to think of you and then you will cease to exist."

The managers of the Hopkinsville Building & Loan Association are Geo. C. Long, Pres't; J. D. McGowan, R. A. Rogers, C. W. Ducker and W. A. Long. The Secretary, John Stites, the Treasurer, Thos. W. Long, office at the First National Bank.

Preventing China From Chipping. Household china is apt to get chipped at the taps in the kitchen. Cut two small pieces from some garden hose or rubber tubing, and slip one over each of the faucets at the sink. This will prevent such accidents.

### For Rent.

Seven-room cottage on W. 17th street. Electric light, water and free sewerage. Rent \$240.  
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Advertisement.

Seed corn, Missouri Prolific, 80 bushels to acre, dry year. Jno. R. Green, Hopkinsville, Ky. Phone 174-3—Advertisement.

WANTED—A boy of 15, willing to work—wants a home in the country. Address "G." care this office or call 839.  
Advertisement.

Monthly savings can be made to earn six per cent interest, net, by investing them in stock of the Hopkinsville Building & Loan Association.  
THOS. W. LONG, Treas.  
Advertisement.

### For Sale

Drop head Singer Machine.  
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Advertisement.

### Eggs For Setting.

Plymouth Rock eggs for sale at \$1 to \$1.50 for 15. Phone 94 or 449.  
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.  
Advertisement.

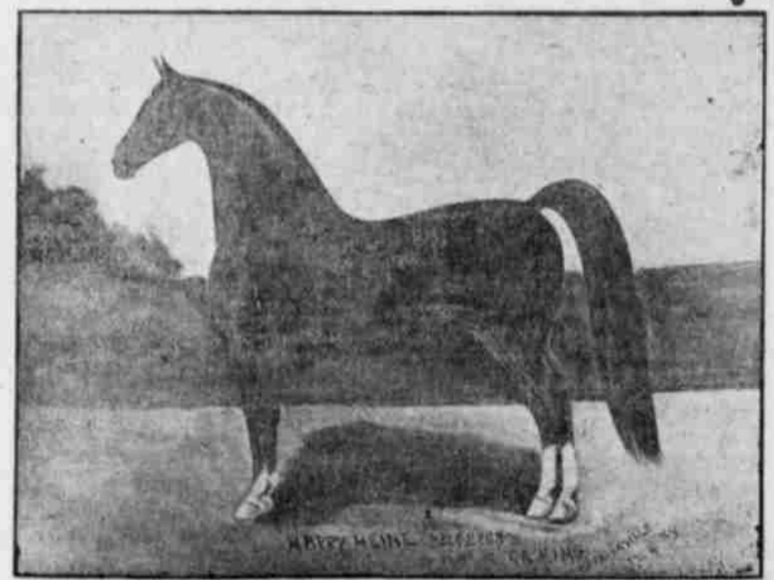
### Brahma Eggs for Sale.

Giant Light Brahma Eggs \$1 per setting of fifteen. R. C. LAWSON, Hopkinsville, Ky.  
Advertisement.

### New Series of Stock Soon to be Issued.

The Hopkinsville Building & Loan Association will open its books for subscriptions for stock in the sixty-fifth series, on April 1st, 1914.—Advertisement.

# Happy Heine, 42863.



## HAPPY HEINE, 42863.

Is a standard bred and registered trotting horse. He is a nice finished horse, dark mahogany bay, with four white feet, with star and snip, about 15-3 hands high. He has proven himself a fine breeder, as his colts will show. A good many of his colts are natural saddle horses. Come and see him.

### Pedigree.

HAPPY HEINE is by Edgewood, 8069, sire of Miss Edith 2:10 1-4; Redwood 2:19, Reuben 2:18, Wild Olive 2:27. Edgewood is by Nutwood 2:18, dam Melrose by George Wilkes. Happy Heine's dam is Hallie E., by Black Alcyone, the dam of Joe Jap 2:17 1-2, 2nd dam Patty by Avant's Ahue, 3rd dam Brown Bess, by Octoroon, 4th dam Amanda, by Hunter's Lexington.

His fee \$15, to insure a living colt. Money due when fact is ascertained or mare transferred.

## David Crockett, Jr.

BLACK JACK, with white points, is Jack of extra bone and length. Bred by Capt. J. W. Riley, of Newstead; his sire is "Choice Goods." David Crockett, Jr., will make the season at the same place. Terms: \$10 to insure a living colt. Money due when fact is ascertained or mare transferred.

This horse and Jack will make the season of 1914 at my farm, seven miles from Hopkinsville, Ky., on Newstead pike.  
Not responsible for accidents or escapes.

**T. A. KING,**  
Hopkinsville, Ky., R. F. D. No. 4.